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YOU WILL ALWAYS REMAIN MY
FAVOURITE INCOMPLETE CHAPTER

Dear Reader,

I hope this book finds you at a moment when you feel like you're falling apart. But I know you are strong—you will let them go without complaint, accepting God's will. And perhaps, your paths will cross again at the right time, because if it's meant to happen, it will

You may find yourself relating to these poems if you've ever loved someone deeply at any stage of your life yet had to let them go—because it was always just a situationship.

Sometimes, you don't want your wounds to heal—because they are the last ink stains within you. And if you can't let go, then just hope that the pain they cause will one day be strong enough to help you finally release them.

In the room of people my eyes got on you. In those seven seconds I forgot who I was for seven years. The way my heartbeat raced for you didn't race for anyone else. When your voice echoed in my ears, I was captivated by its soulful melody. Just one glimpse at you and two seconds of staring into your eyes, and I knew I was falling for you. Now even if I want to, I can't take you out of my mind. Your face is always in front of my eyes, in every person, I only see you. In every crowd, my eyes search endlessly for you. Your face is forever etched in my mind. No matter how hard I try, I can't erase you from my thoughts. Now even if I want to, I can't take you out of my mind.

Maybe in the next life, we won't be separated by distance or hearts.

Maybe then, I could see you, talk to you, touch you and feel you.

Maybe in the next life, you will be mine.

Maybe in next life, I could cuddle you, kiss you, hug you, hold you and feel the warmth of your embrace

Maybe in the next life I could say, "she fell first, but he fell harder"

Perhaps in the next life, it won't be one-sided, and you'll fall for me too.

24/7 in my heart, 24/7 in my mind,

I can't shake you off, no matter how hard I try.

In dreams, you're there,

In my heart, you're there,

In my thoughts, you're there,

In my imagination, you're there.

Just one glimpse at you, and wow,

The whole day feels like heaven.

Eye contact? I'm overwhelmed with joy.

A smile? My face turns red like a tomato.

It's perfect: your eyes, your smile, your voice—

All of you to me.

Even in dreams, I talk about you,

I smile and laugh like an idiot.

Every reel reminds me of you.

A smile appears on my lips at the mere mention of your name.

In every person, I see only you,
In every crowd, my eyes search for you,
And not just in reality—
Even in my dreams, I search for you.

After knowing you like someone else,

It feels like knives are constantly stabbing in my heart, I lost myself.

I never expected to sob like this.

Eyes never lie, right? But did you lie?

Deep as ocean, Dark as night and beautiful as rare flowers of course I'm talking about your eyes. The few seconds of intense eye contact between us I just got lost in them, and I couldn't come back. The whole surrounding gets blur Infront of me I can't see anything else except your eyes, lost in their beauty and depth. They are the most perfect and enchanting eyes I've ever seen in anyone.

Was it a dream?

Wish it was everything a dream since that day to this day

What if it turns into one? No first meeting in real life? No falling in love, not eager to find information, no eye contact, no blushing, no noticing, no excitement, no memories, not even a single thing in real life? Just two normal people who never notice each other.

I wish everything turns into a dream, an unfinished dream as well as an unfinished nightmare.

What do you mean?

No more stealing glances?

No more waiting?

No more eye contact?

No more admiring from afar?

No more excitement over little things?

No more happiness for coming to school?

No more liking Monday's?

No more happiness for ending vacations?

No more coming to school at the same time?

No more getting happy on Assembly days?

No more blushing after seeing him?

No more getting to see him smiling?

No more seeing him just by himself?

No more seeing him playing football?

I Swear I Tried

I swear I tried not to fall for you.

I swear I tried not to fall *in love* with you.

I swear I tried not to hurt myself.

I swear I tried not to put in the effort.

I swear I tried not to expect anything.

I swear I *tried* hard...

but ended up falling even harder for you.

Everything will turn incomplete without him again. Few months back I used to say "He completes me" now I realized that when I saw him for the first time, I feel changes in me, when he disappeared from my sight, I felt something shift inside me, now I realized that it was because his presence is like that an empty part of me is completed.

I used to wonder, "*Who even cries over a guy and prays for him?*"—until life turned the tables on me.

If leaving everything behind would lead me to him, I'd choose to burn.
If waiting for decades would bring me to him, I'd wait until my last breath.
And if death is what it takes to be with him again, then I'd embrace it willingly.

Eye contacts with him

The moment I wait for edges,

The moment our eyes met,

When our eyes meet, I literally forget to focus on my surroundings. My aim is to focus on your eyes. Those few seconds of staring into your eyes make everything goes disappear its feels like it's just YOU AND ME. The only eyes I would like to look for hours.

They won't love you like I love you since 14

They won't put efforts like I put.

They won't pray for you like I pray.

They won't accept you as I do.

They won't care for you like I do.

They won't wait for you like I do.

That year, that month, that day, that hour, that minute, that second and that exact moment is etched into my soul and will always remain in my heart

That first glance at him my breath caught, lost in thoughts trying to get back now where I was before, the person who makes everything else disappear.

How can I forget the person who made me forget all my other problems—who completed me and gave me happiness I had never known before?

With him, hours feel like minutes, and every fleeting moment becomes a cherished memory. I could spend an eternity lost in admiration.

If someone asks how many times you crossed my mind, I'll say once—
because you came once and *never left*.

Just a few more days and then I will never be able to see him again.

That beautiful person, that body, that face, that smile, that eyes, that hands and everything.

Just a few more days and then I will never be able to see him coming, walking, talking, smiling, and eating.

They say “You have to move on and forget”

How can I forget the person who told me without telling me, who teaches me without teaching and who let me feel without feeling.

Because of him I understand love, affection and intimacy.

The reason behind my real smile, that happiness, that excitement and joy.

The reason I lived moments, and he was the reason behind those beautiful memories.

I can't believe that once again, I'm letting go of the person I love so much—
'LOVE' itself is too small a word to describe it, the person I think about 24/7, the
one for whom I pray and care, the one for whom I'd do anything, the person I
can't go a single day without seeing and the person who mean everything to me.

He might not know it, but he is as special as a gift, as precious as a blessing,
as beautiful as the moon, and beyond all, he is my love.

The more I write, the more it feels like it's never enough, and I mean it—he doesn't just deserve a few paragraphs; he deserves millions of books to describe all that he is.

He is unforgettable and unattainable.

No, I just don't like him, I deeply love him

After crying countless times because of him, my feelings remain the same.

Unnoticed efforts always hurt, but I kept going—caught between hope and hopelessness.

Maybe we weren't meant to be together now, but I still pray that somehow, someday, the universe will bring us back together.

A part of me still hopes that maybe... just maybe, he noticed me.

Now, even if I try—I simply can't unlove him.

Only he has the power to make my heart skip a beat; he is the reason behind my racing heart and the reason behind my blushing face.

He is the real definition of pure perfection.

His presence is everything.

His existence is my solace.

He is my poetry, and I am just a hopeless poet.

The untold fear of mine:

Falling in love again~

Knowing I would never love someone as much as I love him. I know it won't happen, but still, it's my biggest fear. The thing that hurts me is I won't be able to put the same efforts for the person who loves me and for that I am completely sure, but I have started to feel scared of happening everything again indeed it has the beautiful starting, but the pain leaves the forever scars on tripped heart. I can't give the place to someone else which has already reserved for him.

When the pain comes from the one you love, even seeing them can't make you smile anymore.

A part of my heart still has hope that we will unite someday because I feel our story isn't over yet.

The thought of seeing him the next day is irreplaceable.

Those days are unforgettable—each one is beautiful, just like him, because I get to see him.

The moment I see him coming downstairs always makes me forget who I am; the blush on my cheeks spreads instantly. The time he appears is so obvious and the way I look at him is full of love and affection.

No matter if I get to see him daily the excitement of each time, he appears is same

His graceful steps are so attractive and his cutest way of eating while talking.

I just want to live those moments of admiring him from afar and I can admire him forever.

He has the prettiest, most adorable *smile*—and that dimple on his right cheek that appears when he smiles... it always melts my heart. And when I look at it, I can't look away.

The eye contact in hallways always makes my heart skip a beat, you know the moment when he looks directly in your eyes and makes eye contact which you can't hold for longer and the way your body trembles and the blush on your face is so noticeable.

Another night passes and realizing you are more into him than someone can ever think of.

"Who he?"

When the question is about him, I could write a whole paragraph on what he is to me.

The person I think about every time.

The person who was with me even in his absence.

The person taught me what true love is.

The person whom I can wait for forever.

The person I can admire forever.

The person I love endlessly.

The person who means everything to me.

He is real definition of perfectionist

"To him"

I will still love you when everyone stops loving you.

I will still support you when everyone stops supporting you.

I will still care for you when everyone stops caring about you.

I will still pray for you when everyone stops praying for you.

I will still listen to you when everyone stops listening to you.

I will still admire you when everyone stops admiring you.

I will still praise you when everyone stops praising you.

I will still motivate you when everyone stops motivating you.

I will still stay by your side when everyone leaves you.

I will love you forever

I never prayed for me to feel the same love I have for you, but I did for him despite knowing no one can love him like I do.

I care more about the fact that she'll never love him the way I do than the pain of knowing he chose her over me.

"He is my what?"

He is my love and my life.

He is the reason behind my happiness.

He is the reason why I want to live.

He is the reason behind my smile.

He is the reason behind blushing face.

He is the reason behind my racing heart.

He is the reason behind my every beautiful memory.

He is the reason behind my full attendance.

He is the reason behind everything.

He is my little baby and a teddy bear.

He is my everything

Even though I know you don't feel the same, I'll always be here for you—waiting, giving all efforts, and loving you endlessly. It hurts, but my love for you is unwavering, and I can't help but keep falling for you.

Everything reminds me of him

In the crowd, I wish he were there.

In any event, I wish he were there.

Sitting in a group of people laughing and chilling, I think about his presence.

In my happy moments, I think about him.

In my sad moments, I think about him.

I think about him every single time

He is the most perfect person to ever exist

The perfect figure, the perfect body, the perfect face, the perfect hair, the perfect features, the perfect eyes, the perfect lips, the perfect hands, the perfect feet.

He is so beautiful that every time I catch myself getting lost after seeing him.

I wish he knew what he was.

I won't say he is good in everything, He is best in everything
Whether it's about studies or football.

When someone says that no one is perfect, I will tell them about him

Everything feels fine until the moment you realize that the love, care, and attention you're pouring into him—your every effort—is being shared with someone else. And deep down, you know that it's love only you truly deserve.

And that's when your heart starts to crack without bleeding when he looks at everyone the same way he looks at you.

You know you deeply fell in love with him when his leaving brings you to nonstop tears on the floor with difficulty while breathing.

Isn't it so easy for people to say, "Just forget and move on"?

But how can I forget the one person who gave me so much to remember in just a year?

The one who taught me so many things.

The first person I genuinely loved.

The first person who felt like home.

The first person who made me feel safe.

A stranger—yet never felt like one..

The first man I trusted.

The first man whose presence made me feel secure.

The first person who showed me what true love really is.

I can never forget him

In everyone's life, there comes a person who changes everything. For me, it was him—he taught me that true love means embracing someone completely, just the way they are.

What hurts more, letting go of the person who was yours or letting go of the person who was never yours?

Indeed, he wasn't mine, but it always felt like someday somehow maybe I can claim him as MINE.

Don't you think this is too soon?

It feels way too soon for you to leave me.

We just met... as they say,

"Abhi na jao chor kar, ye dil abhi bhara nahi."

Maybe my heart will never be full,

No matter how much I see you, it will never be enough.

Everything had just begun—

We had just met,

I had just learned what life truly is,

I had just discovered what love really means,

I have just started living...

Everything had just begun.

How can you leave just like that?

Don't leave it like this...

At least ask me what I want,

At least ask if I want only you.

I wish that if I asked you to stay, you would...

I wish my tears had the strength to stop you...

I wish you could stay just a little longer...

I wish you wouldn't go... forever.

I wish I could stop you.

But I know I must let you go... *maybe*

"In another world, right?

We will be together.

I will have you by my side,

And no one will stand between us.

Wouldn't that be perfect?

You might even love me there.

We could talk freely, play together, spend time together,

Let's be together without any barriers.

Isn't it beautiful?

Just you and me.

It's this thought that brings me solace,

This thought that helps me hold on,

This thought comforts my heart.

If not here, then somewhere else, in some other form,

Will it be just you and me? Somewhere, someday?

It is this hope that keeps me going,

This hope brings fleeting joy.

It is this hope that allows me to let you go to her,

Believing that someday, in some lifetime, you will choose *me*.

Was seeing you and meeting you just a coincidence? Is knowing you, thinking about you, and liking you made such beautiful coincidences?

Was meeting you, waiting for you, and desiring you a purpose, a lesson, or was it all just meaningless?

Sleepless nights are spent searching for answers to these questions, but do you know why? Because I don't even know myself... How can I explain it to you?

If you ever find flaws in yourself, just try to see through my eyes—you won't find flaws; you'll only see beauty, so much so that you'll fall in love with yourself.

Why does it matter if you're there or not? Why does it hurt when I'm overlooked? Why does it matter to see you with someone else? Why does it matter that you belong to someone else? Why? And tonight, it will pass trying to find answers to these incomplete questions.

Why do I think of you all the time? Why do your memories haunt me at midnight? Why am I always lost in thoughts of you? Why does nothing feel enjoyable? Why doesn't my heart settle anywhere—or maybe, it's settled on you?

What was my mistake? Seeing you? Meeting you? Liking you? Desiring you deeply? Thinking about you? Wanting to, have you? Or just being myself? Is the punishment for this mistake breaking apart? If so, then I'm ready to shatter into pieces.

Does my presence even matter? Does my desire or lack thereof even hold value? Does waiting for you even matter? What am I to you in your eyes? Because in my eyes, you are my entire universe.

What should I call this longing? What name should I give this desire? What name should I assign to this incomplete love? What name do we give this bond? What should I name this love? What name do I give you? And what name should I give this final verse...

No matter how much I write about you, it feels insufficient. No matter how much I think about you, it feels too little. No matter how much I look at you, it's never enough. No matter how much I love you, it's always less.

October, once a month I paid little attention to, has now become my favorite time of the year. And the reason is you. October gave me you and the precious memories we share. I never disliked this month—especially that one extraordinary day when I first saw you.

“When everyone was swept up in 'We Fell in Love in October,' I was living on my own 'I fell in love in October.'”

In the end, why would any of this matter to you? It was foolish of me to think that maybe one day I'd be included in your world, in your close circle. But that was just my mistake—what worth does one-sided love even have?

Isn't it crazy on the same night he's mine and someone else too? Maybe it was just a nightmare but isn't it wrong the efforts I'm putting on him; he's putting on someone else? With the same love.

The love and care I deserve is getting someone else. even though she doesn't care.

I wish my name could make him blush like hers does.

I wish I could make him smile like she does.

I wish he put effort into me, like he puts on hers.

I wish I was as important to him as she is.

I wish he would love me like he loves her.

I wish he would care for me like he cares for her.

All I can do is just *wish*

I wonder what this silence truly signifies—is it the stillness of my surroundings, or a deeper quiet within me? Perhaps my inner self is crying out in ways I can't quite hear, or maybe I've simply lost the ability to feel the thrill of excitement that once moved me.

Why does time now move so slowly? It never felt this way when you were here. Back then, moments seemed to rush by, filled with a different kind of energy that made time feel fleeting.

If I really embraced the change

Why am I still bleeding on these pages?

Why am I still waiting?

Why is there still hope to see him?

Why do the memories still flood my mind?

Why do I still stare at his pics at midnight with tears?

Why does he still appear in my dreams?

Why don't I like anything else?

Why is there dead silence everywhere?

Why does all this happen if everything starts to feel like it did before?

Did I truly let you go?

Sometimes, I can't ignore the feeling of still loving you...

I say I no longer have feelings for you—

but then why does my heart still beat for you?

Why does my mind keep thinking about you?

Why do my eyes long just to see you?

Why do my hands ache to touch you?

Why does my whole body crave your presence?

Why?

It takes me back to the days at school, where I would wait for you on the ground floor or sometimes just outside, so we could walk together. My heart aches for how simple and magical those moments were. My mind, still naive, clings to that one Thursday—a day that felt perfection. Assembly offered me glimpses of you; P.E. period let me steal glances, and break-time brought a fleeting closeness that meant the world to me.

I couldn't stop smiling during dispersal, the thought of seeing you somehow completing my day. Now, I miss your presence so deeply—it feels like a void I can't fill. I miss those Thursdays, those carefree moments, and you. I can see your image vividly before me, as though my heart refuses to forget. Perhaps that's why today's day feels almost impossible to endure.

I don't know what to say or how to feel. I'm confused about what's happening now and what might happen next. My emotions are all over the place, and I don't understand them. It feels like I'm fighting against my own heart and mind—they don't seem to agree with each other.

Mondays....

Sounds boring, right? It feels like everyone seems to hate them, yet here I was, eagerly waiting for each Monday to arrive after the weekend—and the reason was you. Before, I used to say, “Oh no, it’s Monday again, now I have to go to school every day.” But isn’t it incredible how that changed to, “Oh yes, it’s Monday again, now I’ll get to see him every day”? Life is fascinating in how it twists our stories, isn’t it?

Monday has always been my favorite day, and how could it not be? It gives me my first glance at the person I love every morning. Mondays have this unique power to instantly bring a glow to my face, making me feel so dreamy and filled with happiness. It’s amazing how quickly everything changes.

The first conversation always feels like heaven, doesn't it?

That nervousness—struggling to call out his name, wondering what he'll think.

The constant heart beating and shattered voice.

But all it takes is his replies, and you calm down.

Isn't it strange how he's the first person to make you feel truly safe and comfortable.

His presence close to you is like a home with four walls around and you know no one can hurt you...

And as you look at him more closely, you realize—he's even more beautiful than you used to admire him from far

His sweet voice, deep eyes, dimpled smile and his gesturing towards you were all you melted at.

That moment is unforgettable

Perhaps they leave, but what about the memories that linger?

Will I ever forget when my eyes lay on him among the crowd?

Will I ever forget when our eyes locked in each other's?

Will I ever forget when we first had a conversation which felt like heaven?

Will I ever forget every place which holds so much for me?

Will I ever forget the day and time of the moment when I caught a glance at him?

Will I ever forget that every heart racing, that blushing, that nervousness, that joy and all?

Will I ever forget the sound of his voice?

Will I ever forget his deep eyes?

Will I ever forget his sweet smile?

Will I ever forget him?

No, never because now they are a part of me which is all left with me to live with.

His loss?

I am the one who suffers day and night.

I am the one with sleepless nights.

I am the one who skips meals.

I am the one with migraines.

I am the one who lost the spark.

I am the one with silent cries

I am the one who has lost interest in everything.

I am the one who has changed completely.

I am the one who is too deeply affected.

I am the one who's hurting too much.

And still...

They say it's *his* loss?

If only he knew

There is a girl who loves him endlessly.

A girl who values him above all else.

There is a girl who cares for him deeply.

A girl who prays for him with all her heart.

There is a girl who is given countless effort.

And I would do anything to make him happy.

There's a girl who loves him like no one ever could.

No words can truly capture how deeply I miss you — how my eyes ache just to see you again, how your absence cuts through me. Pain is beyond what language can hold.

I can't... I just can't keep pretending I'm strong enough to let go because at the end of the day, my heart still aches, still turns back—hoping, just hoping—to see you there.

Not knowing it was the last day hurts more than knowing.

The last glance...
the last shared silence...
the last time our eyes met
like they always would—
but never will again.

I didn't know it was
the last moment
I'd get to admire you
from a distance that felt too close
and still too far.

It wasn't goodbye.
it was just the end,
quietly disguised
as another ordinary day.

Indeed, I never spoke about my feelings,
but my eyes always tried to tell you
what you meant to me.

My eyes always tried to confess my love to you,
to tell you that you meant everything to me.

I have never seen someone like you.

I always wonder why I feel
that something starts to fill when I see you—
and now I discovered it's the love for you
which can't be hidden.

Eyes never lie.

Didn't you ever feel that I see you
like you are my world?

I see you like no one else matters to me.

I see you like you are the one for me.

I see you like I badly want you.

Didn't my eyes tell? Or did you purposely ignore
those eye contacts where my eyes
opened a whole book of my feelings?

Can you ever imagine the pain of letting you go,
knowing how many dreams I had with you?

How hard it is for me to let go
of the person I love so much—
it's the thing I can't even accept,
even if I want to.

How can I forget all the memories,
all the things and places
which remind me deeply of you?

How can I ignore all my feelings?
How can I do?

Tell me, how can I forget you
when you give me so many memories to remember?

*I can never, even if I want to—
but I never wanted to.*

What if our paths cross once more—
would you recognize me then?
would all our memories flood your mind,
or quietly fade away?

Would you speak to me again,
would we find a way back to each other?
I wish with all my heart we would.

But what if you look at me
as if I were a stranger,
someone you never knew?

Or is it only my foolish heart
that dreams of meeting you again,
when perhaps we never will?

Time stops...

Time stops when I see you.

Time stops when our eyes lock.

It feels like everything has disappeared

As soon as I catch a glance at him.

Time stops.

All I can hear is my heartbeat,

The silence between us—louder than any sound—

And my inner urges

Rising quietly beneath it all.

The moment he left

The moment he left, not knowing it was the last,
The goodbye I never got to say—
Isn't it strange how everything shut off,
As if it never existed anyway?
That silence, after realizing,
Is the heaviest thing I've ever carried.
Even the birds stopped singing,
As if the sky itself grew wary.

The world moved on, but I was stuck,
Lost in the echo of quiet pain.
The clock kept ticking, but I stayed
Frozen inside that single frame.

Life would be beautiful
If you were here.
If you loved me like I do,
If you tried like I tried too.

If you cared for me the way I care,
If we were a forever pair—
Then life would feel complete,
And every heartbeat, sweet.

With you, life would be worth living

They say being "just friends" with the one you love is the worst thing you can do to your heart— but how?

When I can still be in touch with him...

When I can still talk to him...

When I can still know how he's doing...

When I can still care about his well-being...

When I can still check up on him...

When I can still be a part of his life...

When I can still have a glimpse into his world...

When I can still hold onto that little connection...

When I can still be in touch with him...

So, don't you think it's far better
than not being in contact?

Just a Hope

Why is there always hope?

Hope that I would see you ever again,

Hope that we would cross paths again,

Hope that we will be together again,

Hope that something magical would happen,

Hope that something better for us will happen—

Just a hope

An unfinished confession...

Where I didn't even get a chance to express myself.
The unsaid words remained at the end—
How can you walk away like this,
Knowing I wanted to express something important?
But maybe you didn't realize
How many months it took to build the courage.

And yet,
You too had a reason to leave everything behind.
The silence,
When I realized you had left,
Tore me apart from the inside.

And then—
The unspoken words left behind,
Knowing
I will never get the opportunity
To express them again.

How can I just let go of the eye contact that drowns me, makes me lost,
makes me breathless every time our eyes meet?

His eyes have literally some kind of magic.

I am worried about how many people's eyes will meet his,
meanwhile I don't even like to look at someone.

And you're telling me some other girl's eyes would meet his eyes?

What about me —

the one who will never get a chance to look into those deep eyes again,
who will crave to see him every day?

I can just hope that at least once,
he remembers the moment our eyes met,
the moment my heart raced,
the moment my cheeks flushed,
the moment I broke eye contact out of nervousness —
every moment when I was near him.

I Miss You a Little Extra

I miss you a little more
when I see couples' laughter
giggling, playing,
whispering sweet things to each other.
And I wonder —
how we would have been?

I miss you on quiet days,
when time stands still,
and all I can do is lie in bed
lost in the memories we made.

I miss you in crowded rooms,
surrounded by people,
yet scanning the space
for a glimpse of you that isn't there.

I miss you in the silence
that follows my tears —
there's no one to hold me,
no one to wipe them away.

I miss you most
when I have so much to say,
but no one to say it to —

Truth is,
I miss you every moment —
from the second I open my eyes
to the quiet hours of the night.

I look at her profile multiple times a day,
trying to figure out what's so special about her
that captured your heart —
yet still, I'm clueless.

Was she prettier?
More attractive than me?

Why didn't I catch your eye
or make your heart skip a beat?

What do I lack?

Why can't I be in her place?

Why can't you love me
or put in the effort
the way I do for you?

Don't I deserve to be loved
by the one I've set my eyes on?

Everyone keeps saying

“Move on, you deserve better.”

But they don't get it —
there is no one better than him.

No one else is as sweet,
as cute, as handsome,
as focused and kind as he is.
no one makes my heart feel the way he did.

I don't want someone else to come.
I don't need someone better.
because to me, he was already everything.

The most *perfect person* I've ever known —
and the only one I'll ever want.

What are my intentions towards him?

So simple... yet so hard to fulfill.

To make him mine.

To make him happy.

To make him feel lucky.

To cook for him, care for him, and look after him.

To ease his worries and stand by him through every up and down.

To love him deeply, value him endlessly.

To be his supporter, his partner, and his motivation.

To become the kind of wife anyone would dream of—

because I want him to have everything he needs,
every comfort he deserves,
and every bit of peace this world can offer.

Home is not always the four walls around you.
Sometimes, it's the man who makes you feel so safe that no one else can ever hurt you.

It's the man with deep eyes, a dimpled smile, and a calm voice.
The one who blurs out everything around you every time you see him.
The one who completes that part of you thought would remain broken forever.
The one you'd do anything to be with.

With him, hours feel like minutes, and every problem fades away.
He's the man who showed you what true love really feels like.
The reason behind your racing heart and flushed cheeks.
The person you can still feel around you—even in his absence.
He's the man I genuinely love, the only person I truly trust.

Home isn't just a place—it's the person you want to spend your life with.
A perfect soul, meant to be met... but not meant to stay.

Isn't it heartbreaking how everything changes?

From seeing him every day...
to months have passed since the last glance.
From eagerly waiting for him to arrive...
to knowing he never will.
From looking at him in person...
to staring at his pictures.
From admiring him up close...
to admiring him through captured memories.
From sharing eye contact...
to replaying those moments in your mind.
From writing new memories in a diary...
to rereading old ones.
From talking to him freely...
to just waiting for a text that never comes.
From updating friends about him...
to staying silent and keeping it all to yourself.

Isn't it incredible—how does everything change?

I miss you a little extra

at places we never went to,
on benches we never sat,
for words you never said,
and gifts you never gave.

I miss you
in reels I can't send,
songs I can't dedicate,
and hugs I never received.

I miss the moments
we never lived—
and that's what one-sided love feels like.

Another girl

Another girl will become his wife.

Another girl will be with him.

Another girl will see him every day.

Another girl will sleep next to him.

Another girl will cook for him.

Another girl will support him.

Another girl will get the treatment I wish for.

Another girl will receive kisses, hugs, and the touch I crave.

Another girl will hold him and feel him.

Another girl will hear the words I longed to hear.

Another girl will blush at his words.

Another girl will receive gifts from him.

Another girl will tell him she loves him...

But she will never love him like I do.

So, God,

please...

can I be that another girl?

There is no reason to like him.

Because if by time, the reason disappears, so will love.

Obviously, no

Love is not meant to disappear.

Its's meant to be reserved in soul

When someone asks me if I like someone, I simply say 'no'—not because I don't want to tell them, but because I can't explain how deeply I love him. How much I miss him, how much I've suffered, and how much he means to me. His presence, his silence, every little thing is precious to me. What I feel for him goes beyond words—no one could ever truly understand.

You didn't just leave... you took with you my peace, my happiness,
my comfort, my strength, my hope, my warmth — a part of me,
and everything I was

Strange how I now say, 'I don't like rain anymore,' when it was once the very thing that made my heart feel alive.

Is it because it became the weather he left in? But a part of me still can't hate it... because it's also the weather where HE first walked into my life.

Isn't it fascinating how everything started holding deeper memories because of them?

I wish he'd asked me,
on his last day

If my heart belonged to him.

Can I blame him?
Or should I blame myself
for the silence that spoke too softly?

My eyes, my trembling,
my tears—they whispered it all,
words could never reach that far.

I wish he knew
there was someone
who could make him endlessly happy.

I wish I'd said it,
I wish he had asked,
I wish... I wish he knew.

There's a girl who loves him
like no one else ever could.
she can't survive on expectations,
can't move on,
yet she wishes nothing but his rise—
with her or without her.

She's changed, quietly,
living in shadows where he'll never notice.
Destiny plays its cards differently,
and she doesn't know the next move.

Alone, she survives,
a circle of one,
carying her pain silently,
praying for light,
praying for him to be happy,
praying for herself to endure,
until even a glimpse from him
makes it worth everything.

She loves him endlessly,
wants his world to shine,
even if she stays unseen.
She is strong,
yet quietly broken—
and she is me.

